

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

PASSING OF GEORGE S. CONNELLY REGALLS STORY OF HIS STRANGE LIFE

Strange, Weird, Elusive Was His Career—On One Side, That Which the World Saw, He Was a Moody, Though Successful, Speculator, but His Real Life, the Secret of Which He Divulged to Few, Was Full of Love and Tender Solitude for His Foster Mother, Mrs. Persis Smith.

A collage of three images. On the left is a small, oval-framed portrait of a woman with dark hair, wearing a dark dress. In the center is a large, abstract, high-contrast black and white drawing with dense, swirling lines. On the right is a small, rectangular photograph of a dark, multi-story building with a flat roof.

man's most admirable traits by a matter-of-fact layman. The figures of four weeping servants who were deeply attached to him. One large floral offering—the tribute of

and there remained three years, tasting of hunting and gold-seeking. He returned to St. Louis in the early sixties, and went into business with a mercantile house in a situation which was the low grade of

everything which wiped out. During the past few years, he has been a very successful stock and real estate man. He is a very good fellow, and I am always ready and willing, as far as I'm able to stand by him. Now, do believe and trust your mother, my dear. Now, do believe and trust your mother, my dear.

P. SMITH

many letters, written both to and by Mrs. Smith, were introduced as evidence. Those written by her were of particular interest, showing her peculiar, acid, and uncomplaining

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gave this money to Washington University so there was no place else for him to turn save to his alma mater.

James Smith, the dead man's foster-father, was identified with the early business days of the city. He was an associate of many of the men who helped lay the foundation for the present metropolis, the Reverend Doctor Ellis' fortune, and, with the aid of his son, the pastor of the Church of the Messiah, and other philanthropists, was interested in establishing Washington University. He was the sum for that purpose. At his death, in 1877, James Smith divided his fortune between Washington University and his wife, Mrs. Ferial Smith.

Adopted by James Smith.

When but 3 years old, George Connelly was adopted by James Smith, an orphan, and a child of a New York family with which James Smith had had a quarrel. He was then named George Smith, and taken into the Smith home and practically raised there. Though there was then no statute of adoption, the child grew up into a handsome, bright boy, to whom his parents became deeply attached. He was

though he did not seek to make friends.

Became Very Wealthy.

The reverse character of the last none of all who knew him does the last twenty years of his life ever remember: that he passed beyond mere salutations in conversation, and the conversations over- verged upon intimate friendships. For the last six years he was worth in his own right upward of half a million dollars, but few knew this fact. He was a miser, and who frequently saw the "little man with his mustache," silently noting the quotations of the man and one of the many who were so thick about the flame of the wheel pit.

His foster mother died and left practically all her property to her adopted son. Her nephews and other relatives were at this action, and brought suit to break the will. The woman asked woman—she died at 85—was of unusual mind and had been dominated by George Smith, and the case was a noteworthy trial in the history of St. Louis followed. It consumed three weeks before the case was decided by Judge Charles S. Taum, presiding.

Other things in his world besides himself who had never known father or mother, and who had been raised in the German Protestant Orphans' Home and other orphan asylums extensively with money contributed by the city of St. Louis. The graveside were inmates of the German Protestant institution.

**MOTHER FORCED TO WITNESS
CHILD SCALDED BY STEAM.**

SPECIAL BY CABLE TO THE NEW YORK HERALD AND THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC.

Paris, March 25.—(Copyright, 1902.)—Mrs. Rabelle, living on the Ile de la Grande Jatte, left a child of 3 years alone in her home on the Ile de la Grande Jatte, Paris, France, on the 23rd inst.

A gust of wind slammed the door shut, and when she returned she found she had no child. She heard the screams of the child, and looking out she saw the child in the door, could see the child being scalded to death, but could not open the door. Almost

sent to the Wyman School in this city, again. I still live in the old home with Smith, and Hiram J. Grover and Judge J. [unclear] too late to save the child's life.